

A Real Family by letitbeme

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Joyce B., Steve H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-04-25 10:43:35

Updated: 2019-04-25 10:43:35

Packaged: 2019-12-12 20:38:36

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,783

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After a fight with his parents, Steve goes to talk to Joyce. She helps him realize he's got something he's secretly always wanted...well, read the title...or the story itself.

A Real Family

Joyce Byers had been taking care of kids for years, and more kids than were her own. Her house somehow became one of the bigger meeting places for her son's gaggle of preteen friends, even though one of those friends had a big basement, she was always more than happy to have them all over. She was a mother first, dammit! And she always wanted to be there for...whoever needed a mother.

So, when the night came that she had the house completely to herself, Jonathan was on a date with Nancy, Jim was working late, and the kids were attending some big to-do at the comic book shop, you'd think Joyce would love sitting on the couch, munching on snacks, and watching what she wanted to watch for a change, right? Well, surprisingly, that is where you'd be wrong. She tried to enjoy having her feet up, eating what she wanted and whatever was on tv, but, she kept getting the urge to get up and help someone with something. The problem being, there was no one around to help. Joyce had been a mother and loved it for so long, she barely remembered how to be anyone else. Except when Jim was around and she remembered how to be a loved and loving girlfriend, but, that's another story.

She was actually considering calling it an early night when she heard a car pull up outside. She turned around wondering who it could be at 8 o'clock on a Friday night, only to see Steve's BMW parked outside, himself in the car looking angry. Her mom radar immediately going off, she got up and watched him through the window in the door. It actually took several minutes for him to get out of the car, it looked like he wasn't sure if he wanted to get out at first, but, then he did. He started walking up to the house, then turning around back to his car, then finally stopping and running his hands through his hair, clearly not able to make up his mind.

Joyce decided to help the poor boy out, opened the door and called out to him.

"Steve?"

He turned around a little surprised, "Oh, hey, Joyce."

"What are you doing here?" she asked nicely.

Steve was nervous, "Well...I was just...I just thought...if you weren't busy, of course,...maybe, I could chew your ear for a while?"

"Of course, Steve, you know my door's always open." She said literally opening the door for him letting him in.

"Where is everybody?" Steve asked coming into the living room.

Joyce closed the door and said, "Jim's working late...again, it's Jon and Nancy's date night and the kids have some...big...thing down at the comic book store, I don't know, they tried to explain it to me, but, it just felt like another language."

Steve laughed a little at that, "Yeah, it has the same effect on me...oh my god, I...I'm interrupting your night alone. I'm so sorry, Joyce, I'll just go..." he said heading back towards the door.

"No, no, no, you're not interrupting anything, Steve, you know I'm always happy to have you over, now sit down." she said gesturing towards the couch.

Steve sat down a little reluctantly, followed by Joyce on the other end.

"Now, it seems like something's bothering you, is something wrong?" Joyce asked him in a sweet motherly tone.

Steve smiled a little at the tone and decided to spill, "Well...okay...you know I'm going to be joining the police academy?"

"Yeah, I know, the kids are all really excited to see Officer Harrington, in the line of duty." she said in a mock-deep voice with a laugh getting a chuckle out of Steve as well.

"Yeah, well, I finally told my parents about it tonight." his tone getting a bit on the somber side.

Joyce got comforting again, "And...how did it go?"

"To say it went bad would be an understatement."

"Oh, no."

"Yeah, the old man started yelling at me about staying in Hawkins all my life and never making something of myself and I started yelling at him back about sitting in a boring office all day and constantly being too busy for your family, I got a little personal there, I admit, and I said that was wasting your life right there. And then, it just got worse and worse and louder and louder-"

"Did your mother have anything to say?"

Steve just scoffed at the idea, "You've never met my mother, have you, Joyce? If you're ever over at the same time as her, chances are she's passed out on the couch with a scotch-and-soda on the table next a half-empty bottle of vicodin. She's usually so zonked out, I'm not even sure she knows what year it is or who I am half the time!"

"Oh my god, Steve."

"So...yeah, after that, I just stormed out and was driving around looking for someone, anyone to vent to, and I guess, I just pulled up here."

Joyce gently put her arm around Steve, "You poor boy, I can't imagine you growing up in a place like that, I don't even know how you became the wonderful young man you are now with parents like that."

Steve was flattered and blushed a little, but he had to be honest, "I'm not all that wonderful, Joyce."

"Well, to me, you are." she said pulling the older boy into a hug.

Steve couldn't help but feel a little warmer and hugged Joyce back, before he started talking again.

"As much of a long shot as it was, I...I was hoping I could get at least one of them on my side about this, but...nope."

Joyce pulled out of the hug and looked at Steve, "They may not be on your side, but, I know I am, and Jim is, and the kids all are. That's eight to two, pretty good in your corner, Steve."

Steve just let out a little smile, "Thanks, Joyce."

"Besides, who needs parents like those? We can be your family."

"Joyce, that's a nice thought, but-"

"No, no buts, we are your family, I know those kids all love you and and they have all agreed they see you as the big brother none of them ever had, except for Will, of course, but he has said you're his second brother. I heard all of them say this, I'm not making it up."

"Yeah, but-"

"Steven, I said no buts! And, I know you feel the same way, I know you regularly stand up to bullies for them and say "no one messes with my kids", you give them good advice, you listen when they have a problem, I know you've had Max over to your house multiple nights to get her away from that horrible "brother" of hers. Tell me, Steve, would you do anything for those kids? Even if it meant putting yourself in danger?"

"Of course I would, Joyce, you know that. I have done that."

Joyce just paused before softly responding, "That's what a brother does, Steve."

There was silence. Steve wasn't sure what to say in response until he thought of something.

"And you, Joyce?"

"What about me?"

"Do you see me as...as your son?"

Joyce just smiled as if he already knew the answer and asked, "Steve, of all the places you could have gone tonight, why did you come here?"

"Well, because..." Steve started before trailing off, knowing what he wanted to say but part of him stopping it, so he stammered, "I...the thing is...it's compli..." and eventually just gave up.

"I...I think I should just go." he said softly and getting up from the couch.

"Steve..."

"No, seriously, I've taken up enough of your time, and I think the folks were going out tonight, so I won't run into them again, so, thanks for the time and good night." he said quickly on his way out the door.

Joyce made no attempt to stop him, knowing he just needed time to think.

Steve stood out by his car doing just that, thinking. Thinking about everything Joyce had said and what he wanted to say and then he really looked at the Byers house and he realized something. It wasn't just the house he went to for babysitting or the house he dropped off the kids at. It was a home. And whenever he was there, with the adults or even just the kids, he didn't feel like a visitor, he felt at home. And then another revelation hit him like a ton of bricks, Joyce was right. They weren't just two adults and six kids, they were the thing he'd secretly always wanted, a family. A real, true family. So what if he didn't share blood with any of them? He truly loved every last one of them and he knew they all loved him back. Steve wiped away some tears that had started to form and he knew what he had to do. He ran back up, opened the door and found Joyce still on the couch from a minute earlier.

"Joyce..." he said sitting down with her, "It's kinda difficult to find the words, but...I wanna ask you something."

"Of course, sweetheart, anything."

The tears were coming back and Steve couldn't fight them off this time, he decided to just go for it and ask, his voice cracking a bit "Would you mind if...if I started calling you mom?"

Now Joyce was the one with tears in her eyes as she brought up the biggest smile she might have ever had, "Steve...nothing would make me happier."

Steve couldn't take it anymore and hopped over pulling Joyce in for a big hug, she hugged him back just as tight, tears streaming down both their eyes as he struggled to say something.

"You-you mean it? You'll be my mom? Cause if so, I love you Mom, I'll love you forever Mom, I promise" Steve said the word as many times as he could, he was too happy to do otherwise.

"Of course, of course, I will, I love you too Son. I'll love you forever too." Joyce said, even happier than him, she saw Steve as one of her own for a while, this just made it official.

Eventually, they parted, said good night and Steve left. As he started up his car, he looked back at the house and saw Joyce...his mom...waving at him through the window. He waved back and realized something. A real mom. A real dad. Four little brothers. Two little sisters. He really did have a family now and for the first time, he had a real home.